The Toy-Strewn House

by

Edgar A. Guest

1929 ©
Edgar Guest
ill. by
Lee Mero
in full color
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Happy Holidays!

JESSICA WARNER ZORN

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THE
TOY-STREWN
HOUSE
FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDGAR A. GUEST
LEE MERO

Foreword

CHRISTMAS is the children's season.

Grownups go all out on toys. The spirit of childhood is born anew in the grumpiest of us. Strong men soften up before the toy counters and junior gets that electric train (complete with *everything*)! Women dream again of their girlhood days as they dress dolls for bazaars, children's "homes" etc..

Big dolls, in offices across the country, dress little dolls for Santas Anonymous.

Everywhere the thoughts of children seem to be uppermost in the minds of just about everybody.

Among the poems written about children we think this one by Edgar A. Guest is most appropriate for the holiday season. We hope you will enjoy it for we send it along as our Season's Greetings.

P.S.--May the Best of Everything come to You and Yours.

"The Toy-Strewn House" is from the book RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD, by Edgar A. Guest; copyright, 1924, by The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.

TOY-STREWN HOUSE by Edgar A. Guest

Give me the house
where the toys are strewn,
Where the dolls are asleep
in the chairs,
Where the building blocks
and the toy balloon,
And the soldiers guard the stairs;

Let me step in the house where the tiny cart With its horses rules the floor,

And the rest comes into my weary heart For I am at home once more.

Give me the house

with the toys about,

With the battered

old train of cars,

The box

of paints

and the books left out,

And the ship

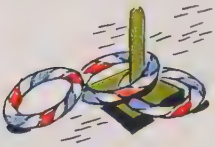
with her broken

spars;

Let me step in a house

at the close of day

That is littered with



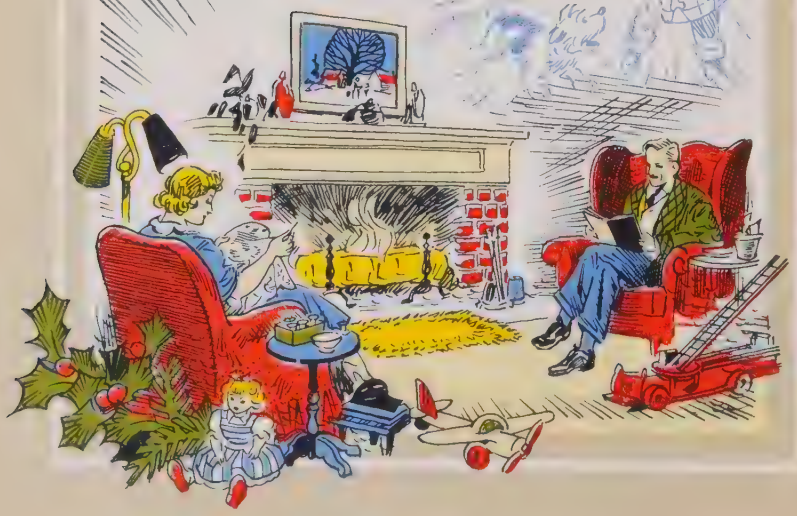
children's toys,

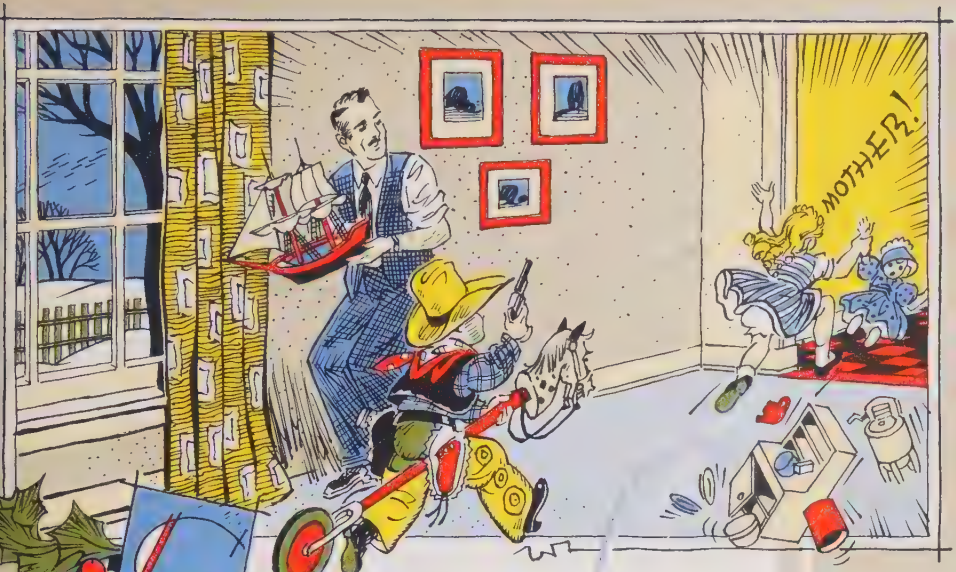
And dream once more

in the haunts of play

With the echoes

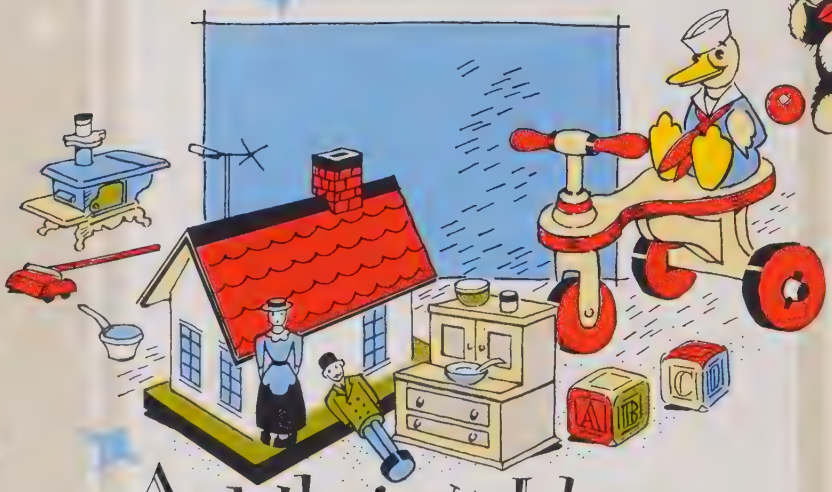
of bygone noise.



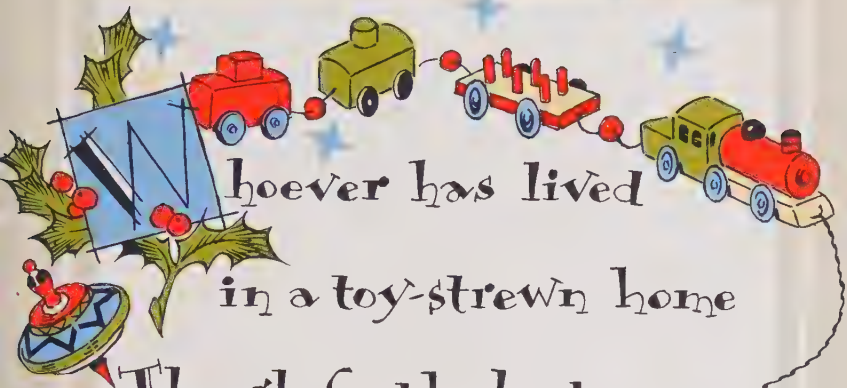


Give me the house
where the toys are seen,
The house where
the children romp,
And I'll happier be
than man has been
'Neath the gilded dome
of pomp.

Let me see the litter
of bright-eyed play
Strewn over the
parlor floor,



And the joys I knew
in a far-off day
Will gladden my heart
once more.



Whoever has lived
in a toy-strewn home
Though feeble he be

and gray,
Will yearn, no matter
how far he roam

For the glorious disarray
Of the little home
with its toy-strewn floor
That was his

in the bygone days,

And his heart will throb

as it throbbed before

When he rests

where a baby plays.

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